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THE  
MUSE'S ADVICE.

ADDRESSED TO THE

POETS OF THE AGE.

By W. W O T Y.

L O N D O N :

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MDCC LXI.

## A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

**T**HE AUTHOR of the following, sorry to see gentlemen of genius employed in cavilling at each other, has ventured, with a spirit of good-nature, to speak his mind, and to propose a reconciliation, not insensible at the same time (should they see this little piece in a wrong light) how open he has exposed himself to their displeasure.




T H E

# M U S E ' S A D V I C E .

ADDRESSED TO THE

P O E T S O F T H E A G E .

 E Sons of verse! who have so lately made  
My noble gift a litigating trade,  
Who, while the maggot crawl'd within  
your brains,  
On fools-cap scribbl'd your invidious strains.

B

Long

Long have I seen you in inglorious strife,  
 Hissing each others credit out of life.

WHY will ye drive good-nature far away,  
 While strumpet satire stares in open day?  
 Fled from my arms, she scorns an honest praise,  
 And seeks her living by ignoble lays.

THE cobbler with the cobbler smoaks his pipe,  
 And barbers club their fixpences for tripe,  
 While the free, social, merry tale goes round,  
 And ev'ry care is in the tankard drown'd.  
 Each with his neighbour joins, as humour leads,  
 And *Poets* only, go to logger-heads.

FOR shame---shake hands, and let the public see  
 That brother wits and authors can agree.



Or else refer the matter in dispute  
 To two grave neighbours to prevent a suit.  
 And let some honest member of the law,  
 (If such there be) the obligation draw.

BUT why so smart upon a writer's trade,  
 Since man for man conjunctively was made !  
 Descend I (think ye ?) from my burnish'd throne  
 To visit squires and gentlemen alone !  
 No---sometimes (tho' but rarely) I dispense  
 To porters wit, to special pleaders sense.

SUPPOSE a being to a taylor bred,  
 Who works amidst variety of shred,  
 Who sits cross-legged five hours out of ten,  
 And dictates rules and orders to his men.  
 Suppose him bless'd with poetry of mind,  
 With rich expression, and with thoughts refin'd.

Shall

Shall envy's eye with indignation roll  
 Because he cuts and makes a button-hole!

Now in the name of rhyme ! ye bards ! make known  
 Of what importance is it to the town  
 If *Churchill's* shoulder most distended grows,  
 Or whether *Lloyd* displays a pimpled nose.  
 If once the pimple from his nose should fly,  
 The jest will droop, and with the pimple die.  
 But should again the pimple be alive,  
 Perhaps you'll say, the jest too will revive.  
 What then---its fury vanishing away  
 Is but at best the cracker of the day.  
 Can't ye let master *Murphy's* sword alone ?  
 He wears it at no charges but his own ;  
 And what's the diff'rence to the world, oh say !  
 Whether he reads a statute, or a play ?

Why

Why must your anger fall (resolve I beg)  
 On this man's hump, or t'other's bandy leg ?  
 For pity's sake, oh ! bastard humour, cease,  
 And let dame nature's cripple walk in peace.  
 'Tis low, 'tis fordid to the last degree,  
 And, gentle reader, may affect ev'n thee.  
 Is this the end of satire,---this the aim  
 On which ye build your pyramids of fame ?  
 Banish the thought,---extend your daring views  
 To nobler objects, worthy of the muse !

BUT should your anxious, ever active mind  
 To poignant Wit, and satire be inclin'd,  
 Oh ! let good-nature's hand conduct your pen,  
 And lash the crimes and follies---not the men.

EV'N ----, on whom the fates unkindly frown,  
 Who never wore fair fortune's fickle crown,

Rich in good-nature, on this gem depends,  
 Thinks himself happy, and can meet with friends.  
 While----whose talents eminently shine,  
 Superior in the nervous, angry line,  
 Tho' in the sphere of dignity he move,  
 May meet with fame, but seldom meets with love.

LET private conversation be conceal'd  
 Nor let one single variance be reveal'd.  
 Rather than make this bustle and this rout,  
 Strip into buff, and fairly box it out.

WHICH lines are dearest?---those that kindly bear  
 Love's genuine rapture to the virgin's ear ;  
 Those that place virtue in a steady light,  
 And tell mankind---" Whatever is, is right ;"  
 Or those that temporary colours wear,  
 Tickling false laughter in a club-room chair?

BE-

BEHOLD the contrast---See good-nature stand  
 With open aspect, and with open hand.  
 A smile of constancy adorns her face,  
 Her pleasant eye beams forth peculiar grace.  
 Where merit dawns, she labours to commend,  
 And calmly bids ev'n ignorance amend.  
 Now mark ill-nature---with malignant eye,  
 She views each genius as he passes by.  
 The breath of scandal issues from her tongue,  
 She sneers contempt upon each poet's song.  
 Vain with self-confidence, and stung with rage,  
 She thinks desert dwells only in *her* page.  
 Now say! which picture amiable appears,  
 And which the most inviting aspect wears.

Are ye possess'd with frailties of the mind?  
 Are ye to follies temporal inclin'd?

Thou

The question solves itself. Who dares deny  
 This gen'ral truth, he gives his heart the lie.  
 Cease then your neighbours errors to make known,  
 Before ye blazon others mend your own.

ARISE my sons ! correct your rigid lays,  
 And tread another surer path to praise.  
 By truth be guided, and with rapture sing  
 The growing virtues of a PATRIOT KING.  
 Where-e'er the solar orb its light displays,  
 And cheers existence with its kindly rays,  
 Let faithful fame triumphantly proclaim  
 The early lustre of his honour'd name.  
 Recite how gen'rous PITT, for ever dear,  
 Saw with compassion sad Britannia's tear ;  
 How from her cheek he wip'd the flowing tide,  
 And bid the laurel flourish by her side.

In-

Instant the laurel fresher verdure wore,  
 And look'd more bright, more vivid than before.  
 Then stately commerce spread her ample sail,  
 And gave un-aw'd her streamers to the gale.  
 Then plenty, of industrious merit born,  
 Rear'd her high crest, and wav'd her copious horn ;  
 And victory, resigning her command,  
 Plac'd her gilt sceptre in Britannia's hand.

OR, if your genius be too weak to sing  
 Of Britain's glory, and of Britain's king :  
 To the recess of private life descend,  
 And praise the virtues of some faithful friend.  
 Where worth lies shrouded in the veil of night  
 Strip off the mask, and bring her into light.  
 Or if ye wish your future fame should shine,  
 Let the sound, moral precept deck the line.

D

Are

Are subjects wanting?---Nature's region view,  
 The goddesses ever will have something new.  
 A thousand paths, a thousand diff'rent roads  
 Conduct the traveller to her sweet abodes,  
 O'er craggy rocks, rough seas, and burning sands,  
 Domestic counties and exotic lands,  
 Up the steep mountain, o'er the bleating plain,  
 And where kind Ceres spreads her wide domain.

CHURCHILL come near---for tho' a truant grown,  
 I still must call, and love thee as my own.  
 How couldst thou hurl thy venom'd dart at those  
 Who ne'er till then profess'd themselves thy foes.\*  
 Forbear---of more exalted subjects sing,  
 And touch (for well thou canst) my grandest master-  
 string.

\* Vide the ROSCIAD.



ALL, all draw near ! whom satire has misled,  
 And let me twine the bay around each head,  
 Wipe from your brows those black inglorious stains,  
 Ill-nature's dregs, and Scandal's foul remains.  
 Approach, and take my kindness---What refuse,  
 The generous offer of a friendly muse !  
 Come hither, sisters---join with me in moan,  
 And let, oh ! let my sorrows be your own.  
 For ages past my stream devolv'd along  
 The smooth, harmonious eloquence of song.  
 Beside its banks un-number'd roses grew  
 Whose fragrant leaves distill'd celestial dew,  
 And spotless lillies, humble in their pride,  
 Met the chaste kisses of my virgin-tide.  
 In pastoral simplicity array'd  
*Pan* blew his pipe beneath my willow-shade,  
 The fauns and druids flock'd to hear the strain  
 That flow'd so easy from their master-swain.

But

But now the fury shews her hated face,  
 Grim satire, scandal to her antient race.  
 How chang'd her countenance from that she wore  
 When smiling HORACE listen'd to her lore.  
*Pan* drops his reed, affrighted with the rest,  
 And flies the presence of so rude a guest.  
 My virgin tide a cypress gloom o'er shades,  
 And ev'ry rose, and ev'ry lilly fades,  
 Where, where, my genuine offspring, are ye stray'd ?  
 To what remote, what foreign clime convey'd ?  
 Will ye not listen to a parent's cry ?  
 Will you not hear her tender-breathing sigh ?  
 Where art thou, SMART ! to whom so much I gave,  
 As much as poet could desire to have.  
 Thy hapless genius let me not recall,  
 " If I but mention thee, the tears will fall."  
 Oh, GRAY ! if ever on my Pindar's hill  
 To thee I gave one golden-feather'd quill,

Ap-

Approach ! and from my loftiest tow'r descend,  
 And swoop for once to vindicate thy friend.  
 Thou too, oh MASON ! near whose magic wand  
 Th' obedient images of Nature stand,  
 Whom sweet-lip'd fancy musically leads  
 Through solemn groves, and flow'r-enwoven meads,  
 Attend ! and laurel'd WHITEHEAD with thee bring,  
 Whom conscious of his voice I taught to sing.  
 Nor thou, deep-letter'd JOHNSON ! lag behind,  
 Rich in thy vast fertility of mind :  
 Nervous, correct, and elegant of stile,  
 Polite of thought, and copious as the Nile.  
 Attend unanimous----afford your aid  
 To comfort and protect an injur'd maid.  
 Save me from Satire's base assassins claws,  
 And robe me in the vestment of applause.  
 Restore my rights---my dignity restore,  
 Nor let my honour be degraded more.

So shall my swans in conscious pleasure float,  
 And Pan shall breathe again his rustic note.  
 So shall each rose resume its native hue,  
 And ev'ry lilly ev'ry charm renew.  
 So will I hymn your everlasting praise,  
 And interweave the olive with the bays.

*F I N I S.*





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